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Gender Talks

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Gender Talks

Mari Lopez and Ollie Winfield-Perez

It is not about clear guidelines of who I am.
You need to understand gender is *fluid*.
My own self conception
out of sight
erased by colonization.

We have long conversations where I use poetic words to help you
understand me.
I am not who you thought I was
you see me slipping across your borders.
And you panic.
It is messy and confusing for me too.

How can I describe something I'm not sure about?
You categorize me,
I can sense your fear and taste it on your lips.
You're worried I'm questioning my gender,
maybe I'll detransition or something.

In the most loving way, it is not your place for advice or to fix me.
You need to stop those assumptions.
It is how I carry myself, my soul
it is not about my inability to grow a beard, or an ugly soul patch
it is not just about my tits.

These thoughts hit a brick wall trying to exit,
where gender hides under a paper-thin rug.
I don't want to talk about my gender with you,
yet your anxious words- quick to *heal* me.

We float into a comfortable ease
thinking we know each other.
But there's weeks and months
where you can't read my mind.
You ask me "Are you okay?"

How can you make me comfortable enough to share?

Vulnerable.

Inside myself, I decipher on the daily.

I want to communicate,

but you need to understand that the English language cannot
adequately explain or describe my gender.

If you panic, if you freeze, hide it, don't let me see.

Your assumptions hold me fixed,

and although there is genuine concern and support;
in the most loving way, it is not your place for advice or to fix me.

After this poem thing happens,

if your image of me is shattered

-dis-rupt-and-

don't make assumptions.

We feel with all our being.

Loving with my ancestors' knowledge,
walking with energies that love, hope, and heal.